JUSTICE LEAGUE TASK FORCE

10
MAR 94

BY
FRIEDMAN,
VELLUTO &
ALBRECHT

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

JUSTICE LEAGUE TASK FORCE™

PURIFY OR DIE!

Velluto
Albrecht

"BLEW MY COVER. HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO CARELESS?"

:HYUH...:HYUH... :HYUH...

"GOT TO REACH TOWN. NOT MUCH FURTHER NOW."

KRAK!

"WHAT WAS THAT SOUND? COULD THEY HAVE FOUND ME SO SOON?"

"NO, IT WASN'T THEM. IT WAS JUST A RABBIT...

"...HELL, I'M GOING TO MAKE IT. I'M GOING TO--"

GOING SOMEWHERE... TRAITOR?

LET'S CALL A SPADE A SPADE, IRON CROSS. OUR FRIEND HERE ISN'T SO MUCH A TRAITOR AS HE IS A SPY!

ZLOOOSH

HYUHE... HYUHE...

LET HIM RUN, HEATMONGER. HE ISN'T GOING ANYWHERE!

WHO SENT YOU TO SPY ON US? WHAT WERE YOU AFTER? MY INQUIRING MIND WANTS TO KNOW!

KRAK

...HYUHE... HYUHE...

HAH! AS HARD AS HE'S BREATHING, I COULD'VE TRACKED HIM DOWN EVEN WITHOUT MY SPECIAL TALENTS!

ANSWER ME, SPY! BACKLASH DOESN'T LIKE BEING IGNORED!

WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE WHERE HE CAME FROM, BACKLASH?

BLIND FAITH IS RIGHT...

...THE ONLY IMPORTANT THING--

--IS WHERE HE'S GOING!

HAVE A NICE TRIP, SCUM-- STRAIGHT TO HELL, COMPLIMENTS OF GOLDEN EAGLE!

AAAAHH

EEYAAAAAHH

THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS TO THOSE WHO TAMPER WITH THE DESTINY OF THE ARYAN NATION!

The Purification PLAGUE

PART ONE: DARK CONVICTIONS

MICHAEL JAN FRIEDMAN~WRITER • SAL VELLUTO~PENCILLER
JEFF ALBRECHT~INKER • BOB PINAHA~LETTERER • GLENN WHITMORE~COLORIST • RUBEN DIAZ~ASSISTANT EDITOR
BRIAN AUGUSTYN~EDITOR

"MY OWN BACK-YARD? WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?"

"WHAT IT MEANS, MY DEAR FELLOW, IS THAT THIS TIME THE THREAT TO THE INTERNATIONAL COMMUNITY IS LURKING IN THE UNITED STATES OF ALL PLACES."

MORE SPECIFICALLY, A LITTLE TOWN IN SOUTHWESTERN NEBRASKA--WITH THE UNASSUMING NAME OF PINE HEIGHTS.

ONE WOULD NEVER SUSPECT IT WAS HOME TO A WHITE SUPREMACIST GROUP CALLED ARYAN NATION.

THIS CHEERFUL LITTLE FELLOWSHIP WOULD NORMALLY INTEREST THE F.B.I.--MISTER CALHOUN'S ORGANIZATION--A GREAT DEAL MORE THAN IT WOULD MINE. HOWEVER, THESE SUPREMACISTS SEEM TO BE DEVELOPING SOME SORT OF DESIGNER VIRUS...

DESIGNER VIRUS? DESIGNED TO DO WHAT?

IT'S SUPPOSED TO ATTACK AND DESTROY THE CELLULAR D.N.A. OF PEOPLE WHOSE ANCESTRY ISN'T NORTHERN EUROPEAN.

H. MARTIN PhD

YOU CAN SEE WHY THIS CONCERNS THE UNITED NATIONS. IF THIS VIRUS WERE TO TAKE HOLD IN NORTH AMERICA, IT WOULD EVENTUALLY SPREAD TO OTHER PLACES AS WELL.

SOME THREE-QUARTERS OF THE EARTH'S POPULATION COULD BE WIPED OUT IN ONE FELL SWOOP. NASTY BUSINESS, WOT?

HOW CERTAIN ARE YOU ABOUT THIS?

REASONABLY CERTAIN. YOU SEE, A NUMBER OF THE WORLD'S TOP GENETIC DISEASE SPECIALISTS HAVE DISAPPEARED WITHIN RECENT MONTHS--ALL OF THEM LAST SEEN WITHIN A THREE-HUNDRED MILE RADIUS OF PINE HEIGHTS.

A FEW OF THESE SPECIALISTS HAD BEEN WORKING ON GENE-BASED BIOLOGICAL WEAPONS FOR WHAT USED TO BE THE GERMAN DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC.

#1 BOSS

PIET TEA

YOU MUST ADMIT, J'ONN... IT ADDS UP.

WE DECIDED TO INVESTIGATE. SENT ONE OF MY BEST MEN TO INFILTRATE THIS ARYAN NATION...AND LEARN WHAT HE COULD ABOUT THE VIRUS.

HIS BODY--OR WHAT WAS LEFT OF IT--TURNED UP A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO BY THE SIDE OF A NEBRASKA STATE HIGHWAY. BUT WE'RE CONVINCED IT WAS THE SUPREMACISTS WHO KILLED HIM...

H. MARTIN Ph.D

...IN PARTICULAR, A SQUAD OF META-HUMANS WORKING HAND IN HAND WITH THE ARYAN NATION. OUR AGENT DESCRIBED THEM FOR US IN ONE OF HIS REPORTS.

STRANGELY, WE'VE NEVER HEARD OF ANY OF THEM BEFORE. IT'S AS IF THEY POPPED UP OVER-NIGHT.

CLEARLY, WE CAN'T SEND IN ANOTHER NORMAL AGENT TO CONTINUE THE INVESTIGATION. WE NEED TO BE ABLE TO MATCH UP WITH THESE METAS.

IN OTHER WORDS, WE NEED SOME *MUSCLE*. AGENTS WHO CAN PASS FOR *SUPREMACISTS*--AND DESTROY THE *VIRUS* BEFORE IT CAN BE *RELEASED*.

AND THAT'S WHERE THE *TASK FORCE* COMES IN?

PRECISELY. I'VE ALREADY *CONTACTED* A GROUP OF YOUR *JUSTICE LEAGUE* COMRADES-- AND ONE CLOSE *ASSOCIATE*-- TO TAKE OVER THE INVESTIGATION ON A *CLANDESTINE* BASIS...

...IT'S UP TO *YOU* TO RECRUIT THE *LAST* AND PERHAPS MOST *IMPORTANT* MEMBER OF THE TEAM.

I SEE. INTERESTING *CHOICE*.

YOU READ MY MIND.

TOP SECRET

JUST *ONE* QUESTION. HOW DO WE KNOW THE VIRUS HASN'T *ALREADY* BEEN RELEASED?

"NOW THAT YOU *MENTION* IT... WE *DON'T*."

WE NEED SOMEONE WITH EXPERTISE IN *BIOCHEMISTRY*, REX. SOMEONE WHO CAN IDENTIFY, UNDERSTAND AND PERHAPS EVEN *NULLIFY* THE VIRUS-- IF IT TURNS OUT TO *BE* WHAT WE *THINK* IT IS.

AND REX TYLER WAS ONE OF THE *MOST RESPECTED* BIOCHEMISTS OF HIS DAY.

NOT TO MENTION THE *MAN* BEHIND THE *MASK* OF THE ORIGINAL *HOURMAN*-- EH, J'ONN?

THAT *TOO*. OF COURSE, YOUR TRUE *IDENTITY* ISN'T WIDELY KNOWN, SO YOU WON'T AROUSE ANY *SUSPICION*.

AND THOUGH YOU'RE NOT EXPECTED TO ENGAGE IN ANY SERIOUS CONFRONTATIONS, IT'S *REASSURING* TO KNOW THAT YOU CAN PROVIDE SOME *MUSCLE* IN A PINCH.

NOT AS MUCH AS I *USED* TO PROVIDE-- BUT I SEE YOUR *POINT*.

...AN *EARTHQUAKE* IN KATMANDU WHICH HAS *FAR* EXCEEDED THE LEVEL OF ANY *PREVIOUS* SEISMIC DISTURBANCES IN THAT REGION...

TROUBLE IS, I CAN'T *DO* IT.

MIND YOU, I'D *LIKE* TO HELP. LORD KNOWS, WHENEVER THIS COUNTRY HAD A *NEED* FOR HIM, HOURMAN WAS *THERE*.

JUST THIS *ONCE*, THOUGH, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE A *RAINCHECK*.

YOU SEE, BETWEEN MY CAREER AS *REX TYLER* AND MY CAREER AS *HOURMAN*, I NEVER SPENT MUCH TIME WITH MY SON, *RICK*.

THEN HE DEVELOPED *CANCER*... AND I HAD OCCASION TO *REGRET* MISSING OUT ON THAT TIME WITH HIM.

FORTUNATELY, *RICK'S* IN *REMISSION* NOW. BUT HE'S STILL A LITTLE *UNCERTAIN* OF HIMSELF. HE NEEDS SOMEBODY AT HIS SIDE--AND THAT SOMEBODY SHOULD BE *ME*.

BELIEVE ME, REX, I UNDERSTAND. THE *LAST* THING I WANT IS TO *PRESS* YOU INTO SOMETHING YOU CAN'T *DO*.

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO FIND *ANOTHER* BIOCHEMIST TO DEAL WITH THESE *SWASTIKA*-WAVING SUPREMACISTS.

SWASTIKAS? HELL, DIDN'T WE FIGHT A *WAR* SO WE'D NEVER HAVE TO SEE THOSE THINGS ON THESE SHORES?

I GUESS WE DID AT THAT.

DAMN. YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO PRESS A FELLA'S *BUTTONS*, J'ONN. SO WHEN DO WE *LEAVE*?

I'LL LET YOU *KNOW*.

ALL CLEAR?

ALL CLEAR, BOSS.

BOSS IS SUCH A LOW-BROW TERM...

...RANDOLPH. WHEN I WEAR THIS HOOD, I'M THE LEADER OF THE ARYAN NATION. YOU SHOULD ADDRESS ME THAT WAY.

ER...SURE, LEADER.

AH, COLTRANE... JUST THE MAN I WANT TO SEE!

LEADER? WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE? I MEAN...WE WEREN'T EXPECTING YOU!

HOW IS THE VIRUS COMING? YOU PROMISED ME YOU'D HAVE IT READY WEEKS AGO!

ACTUALLY, IT IS READY, MY LEADER. IT'S THE... ER, DELIVERY SYSTEM THAT STILL HAS SOME BUGS IN IT!

A

WE HAVE TO WORK MORE QUICKLY, COLTRANE. MY GOVERNMENT CONTACTS CONFIRM THAT THE F.B.I. IS INVESTIGATING PINE HEIGHTS.

THAT'S PROBABLY WHERE OUR FRIEND THE SPY CAME FROM, EH?

WE'VE WORKED TOO HARD ON THIS PROJECT TO FALL SHORT AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR, DOCTOR.

I WANT THAT MISSILE IN THE AIR BEFORE ANYONE CAN STOP IT. IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?

PERFECTLY, MY LEADER.

I'M GLAD TO HEAR IT. BECAUSE I INTEND TO MAKE THE RELEASE OF OUR MISSILE THE CLIMAX OF OUR UPCOMING RALLY. AND I'D HATE TO DISAPPOINT ALL MY LOYAL FOLLOWERS.

NOT TO MENTION OUR ESTEEMED BENEFACTOR... THE ONE WHO PROVIDED US WITH OUR META-HUMAN ALLIES AND THE WHEREWITHAL TO BUILD THIS FACILITY IN THE FIRST PLACE.

DON'T WORRY, MY LEADER. THEY WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED... NEITHER OUR BENEFACTOR NOR YOUR FOLLOWERS.

I SWEAR IT ON MY LIFE.

IF OUR LEADER ONLY KNEW...

QUIET. IF HE SUSPECTED FOR A MOMENT THAT WE'RE DRAGGING OUR FEET, HE'D HAVE US SHOT!

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE I WAS ONCE SO EAGER FOR THIS...SO EXCITED ABOUT PUSHING OUT THE BOUNDARIES OF SCIENCE THAT I LOST SIGHT OF THE CATASTROPHE WE WERE ENGINEERING.

I DIDN'T THINK ABOUT WHAT KIND OF WORLD WE WERE SHAPING--WHAT KIND OF HORRORS. I ONLY SAW A CHANCE TO PURSUE MY DAMNED RESEARCH!

EASY, HAROLD. THE SAME COULD BE SAID OF ANY OF US!

I WISH I HAD NEVER HEARD OF THIS ARYAN NATION--OR ITS MANIACAL LEADER--OR THE MYSTERIOUS POWERS WHO SUPPORT IT. I WISH I COULD GO BACK TO MY EAST GERMAN LAB, WHERE THE GERMS WE INVENTED WERE NEVER MEANT TO BE USED.

NONE OF US CAN GO BACK, ERWIN. IT'S TOO LATE.

THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO NOW EXCEPT WATCH--AND TRY NOT TO HEAR THE SCREAMS OF THE DYING.

NOW CAN I CALL YOU BOSS?

NOW YOU CAN CALL ME SENATOR, CHARLES.

SENATOR SANDER HOTCHKINS--A MAN WHO WILL BE IN THE WHITE HOUSE SOME DAY, IF OUR BENEFACTOR CONTINUES TO KEEP HIS PROMISES.

OF COURSE, FOR NOW, I CAN'T LET ON I'M ALSO THE LEADER OF THE GREAT ARYAN NATION.

SOME OF MY CONSTITUENTS MIGHT NOT TAKE TOO KINDLY TO MY SUPREMACIST BELIEFS. AT LEAST, NOT UNTIL OUR "FOREIGNER" VIRUS STARTS CHANGING THE FACE OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

THEN I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT PART OF MY CONSTITUENCY.

KIKI KIKI

AND I'LL FINALLY GET YOU OFF MY BACK, FATHER. I'LL FINALLY SHOW YOU I'M AS STRONG AN AMERICAN AS YOU WERE.

HELL, I'M GOING TO BE THE STRONGEST AMERICAN OF ALL TIME, AREN'T I?

MAYBE THEN YOU WON'T BEAT ME ANYMORE IN MY DREAMS--BECAUSE I'LL BE GOOD ENOUGH TO BE YOUR SON.

"MISTER TYLER... I'VE HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU."

PLEASE CALL ME REX. MY FATHER WAS MISTER TYLER.

REX IT IS. AND YOU CAN CALL ME PETER--AS LONG AS THE GENERAL PUBLIC ISN'T AROUND.

NEW DUDS, THUNDERBOLT?

NEW ME--BUT THAT'S A WHOLE OTHER STORY.

AHEM...

...NOW THAT WE'VE EXCHANGED PLEASANTRIES, PERHAPS WE CAN GET DOWN TO BUSINESS. IN PARTICULAR, THE BUSINESS OF MAINTAINING YOUR POWERS FOR SEVERAL DAYS WITHOUT GIVING YOURSELVES AWAY.

I'M ALL EARS, HANNIBAL.

ER...YES, I CAN SEE THAT. AT ANY RATE, MISTER DIBNY, WE'VE MANAGED TO CONCEAL YOUR "SECRET" STRETCHING ELIXIR...

...IN THE FORM OF INNOCENT-LOOKING PILLS... SUCH AS ONE MIGHT TAKE FOR AN ALLERGY.

REALLY? THAT'S GREAT!

DON'T GET OVERENTHUSIASTIC MISTER DIBNY. IT WASN'T THAT DIFFICULT.

YOU NEEDN'T GO TO ANY TROUBLE FOR *ME*, MISTER MARTIN. WHAT FEW TRICKS I HAVE WERE *LEARNED*-- FROM SOME SACRED *SCROLLS* IN TIBET.

HOW SPENDID FOR YOU, MR... *THUNDERBOLT*.

OF COURSE, *BLACK CANARY*-- ALSO KNOWN TO US AS DINAH LANCE--*HAS* NO SUPER-HUMAN ABILITIES THESE DAYS. HOWEVER, SHE *HAS* SERVED THE JUSTICE LEAGUE WELL WITH HER FINELY HONED *COMBAT* SKILLS.

AS FOR *YOU*, MISTER... ER, *REX*... DO I UNDERSTAND CORRECTLY THAT YOU NO LONGER *NEED* ANY CHEMICAL FORMULA TO *ACTIVATE* YOUR SPECIAL *TALENTS*?

RIGHT AS RAIN. AFTER ALL THESE *YEARS*, HOURMAN'S ABILITIES HAVE BECOME PART OF MY *SYSTEM*.

EXCELLENT. THEN EVERYTHING IS IN *ORDER*. ALL WE NEED DO NOW IS *WAIT*.

WAIT FOR *WHAT*, IF YOU DON'T MIND MY ASKING? AND WHERE'S MY FRIEND J'ONN?

ACTUALLY, *HE'S* WHAT WE'RE WAITING FOR.

J'ONN AND *GYPSY* ARE PRESENTLY SEEING TO THE *ACQUISITION* OF A SUPREMACIST *IDENTITY*... ONE THAT WILL GET YOU *INTO* THE CONVOCATION AT PINE HEIGHTS.

"HIS NAME'S *DAN FIEDLER*. HE'S BEEN BROUGHT UP ON CHARGES OF ASSAULT AND BATTERY, ARMED ROBBERY, EXTORTION, *CIVIL RIGHTS* VIOLATIONS."

THE *DEATH* TOLL CONTINUES TO MOUNT IN *KATMANDU* AS *RELIEF* WORKERS UNEARTH *ADDITIONAL* BODIES.

"AND EACH TIME HE'S GOTTEN *OFF*--THANKS TO A SMART *LAWYER* ON THE PAYROLL OF THE *ARYAN NATION*. BASED ON THAT ALONE, ONE WOULD EXPECT HE'D BE HEADING FOR THE *RALLY* UP IN *PINE HEIGHTS*."

LET'S GO NOW TO CLIFF BRONSKI FOR A *LIVE* REPORT ON THE... ⁞KLIK!⁞

"HOWEVER, FIEDLER'S APPARENTLY *MADE TIME* FOR A LITTLE *SIDE-VENTURE* FIRST. WE'RE NOT CERTAIN EXACTLY WHAT IT IS, BUT SOME *MEAN*-LOOKING CUSTOMERS HAVE BEEN GATHERING AT HIS *HOME* THE LAST FEW DAYS.

"AND IF THEY PICK UP ANYTHING *INCRIMINATING* ALONG THE WAY... *SO MUCH THE BETTER*, I SUPPOSE. EVEN THE *SMARTEST* LAWYER WON'T GET HIM OFF *FOREVER*."

"THE PLAN IS FOR *J'ONN* AND *GYPSY* TO PICK UP FIEDLER AND HIS FRIENDS ON BEHALF OF THE *F.B.I.*--WHO'LL *HOLD* HIM UNTIL WE NO LONGER HAVE ANY NEED OF HIS *IDENTITY*.

I DON'T GET IT, J'ONN. WE WERE SUPPOSED TO PICK THESE GUYS UP BACK AT FIEDLER'S *HOUSE*.

AND WE *WOULD* HAVE--EXCEPT THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY *OUT*. AND I WAS JUST A BIT *CURIOUS* AS TO WHERE THEY WERE *GOING*.

AFTER ALL, THE GOVERNMENT'S BEEN TRYING TO PUT FIEDLER *AWAY* FOR A LONG TIME. IF WE CAN CATCH HIM DOING SOMETHING *BIG*, THAT MIGHT BE ALL THE HELP THEY *NEED*.

WAIT A MINUTE! THAT APPEARS TO BE A GOVERNMENT *ARMORY* DOWN THERE.

DON'T LOOK NOW, GYPSY, BUT I THINK OUR *PATIENCE* HAS BEEN *REWARDED*.

GETTIN' HOLDA THOSE *HIGH-TECH* GOVERNMENT GUNS IS GONNA BE EASIER THAN SHOOTIN' *FISH* IN A BARREL! FIRST WE CUT THE FENCE...

BRRRRRRR

...THEN WE KNOCK OFF ANY *GUARDS* THAT MIGHT COME SNOOPIN' OUR WAY!

HEEEE

DAN--LOOK!

I TOLJA THERE WAS SOMEONE FLYIN' AROUND UP THERE!

THAT'S OKAY, BOBBY JACK! WITH THIS KINDA ORDNANCE, WE DON'T HAVE TO BE SCAREDA NOBODY!

BRATTA BRATTA BRAT

POW POW

LOOK AT THE COLOR OF HIS SKIN. HE'S AN INFERIOR-- JUST LIKE THE REST OF THEM!

ARE WE GONNA LET HIM BEAT US--THE MASTER RACE?

TRUST ME... I'M JUST SAVING US ALL SOME TIME. YOU COULD FIRE ALL NIGHT AND NOT HURT ME!

FOR SUCH SUPERIOR SPECIMENS, YOU DON'T SEEM TO LEARN VERY QUICKLY!

POW

POW

POW

INFERIOR AS I AM, IT LOOKS AS IF I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE A HAND IN YOUR EDUCATION!

YOU GOT A BIG MOUTH, AIN'TCHA?

LHC

WOMP

WELL, MUNCH ON THIS FOR A WHILE-- A PRESENT FROM A REAL AMERICAN!

VROOOM

GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE-- LET THE LEADER KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!

YOU KNOW, IT'S GUYS LIKE YOU WHO GIVE US GOOD DRIVERS A BAD NAME.

HUH? WHO SAID THAT?

NO WONDER MY INSURANCE RATES ARE SO HIGH!

THWOK

THANKS. I'LL TREASURE IT.

YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN? IF I HADN'T GRABBED THE WHEEL JUST NOW, WE WOULD'VE HAD A CRACK-UP-- EVEN BIGGER THAN THE ONE YOUR PARENTS HAD THE DAY YOU WERE BORN!

SUREE

BET YOU'RE REALLY GLAD YOU RAN INTO ME, HUH?

KUH-BROOM

NOW I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU!

FRIGHTENING? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I MEAN, IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SWEAR YOU WERE FIEDLER.

WHAT CAN I SAY? I'VE HAD A LOT OF PRACTICE ASSUMING THE LIKENESSES OF OTHERS. AND FIEDLER'S IS ONE FACE I WON'T SOON FORGET.

ARE YOU SURE THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT THE REST OF US ARE SUPPOSED TO LOOK LIKE, J'ONN?

FIEDLER IS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN BE IDENTIFIED ON SIGHT. THE REST OF YOU ARE JUST HIS FRIENDS.

CLEVER, THAT HANNIBAL MARTIN. EVERYONE ON THE TEAM CAN EITHER DISGUISE HIMSELF OR NEEDS NO DISGUISE. AND NONE OF US DEPEND ON A HIGH-TECH DEVICE FOR OUR UNIQUE ABILITIES--SINCE THOSE CAN BE DETECTED.

SSH... THE CHECKPOINT J'ONN TOLD US ABOUT IS UP AHEAD.

MUST BE NICE TO HAVE MARTIAN VISION.

WILL YOU SHUT UP ALREADY?

DAN FIEDLER. MY NAME'S ON THE LIST.

NO PROBLEM THERE, DAN. BUT WHO ARE THE REST OF THESE PEOPLE?

MY BUDDY AND MY GIRLFRIEND ARE UP HERE WITH ME. NAMES ARE FRED DANNING AND TINA BYRD.

AND IN THE OTHER JEEP, YOU'LL FIND MIKE AND MARY McCALL, WITH MIKE'S DAD, HARLAN.

THERE'S NO PROBLEM, IS THERE? I WAS TOLD I COULD BRING SOME FRIENDS IF I WANTED.

NOPE, NO PROBLEM AT ALL. JUST HAD TO CHECK IS ALL. WE HAD SOME TROUBLE WITH A GOVERN-MENT AGENT LATELY...

...BUT I THINK IT'S BEEN RESOLVED... IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

I THINK I DO AT THAT. DON'T WORK TOO HARD NOW.

JEEZ! THAT GUY GAVE ME THE WILLIES!

THIS WHOLE PLACE GIVES ME THE WILLIES, MY DEAR. BACK IN THE THIRTIES, WE HAD THE BUND--BUT EVEN THEY COULDN'T HOLD A CANDLE TO THIS.

THAT MUST BE THE COMPETITION, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. DOESN'T LOOK SO TOUGH TO ME.

APPEARANCES CAN BE *DECEIVING*, RAL-- I MEAN, *MIKE*. WHO KNOWS THAT BETTER THAN *WE* DO?

I SUPPOSE.

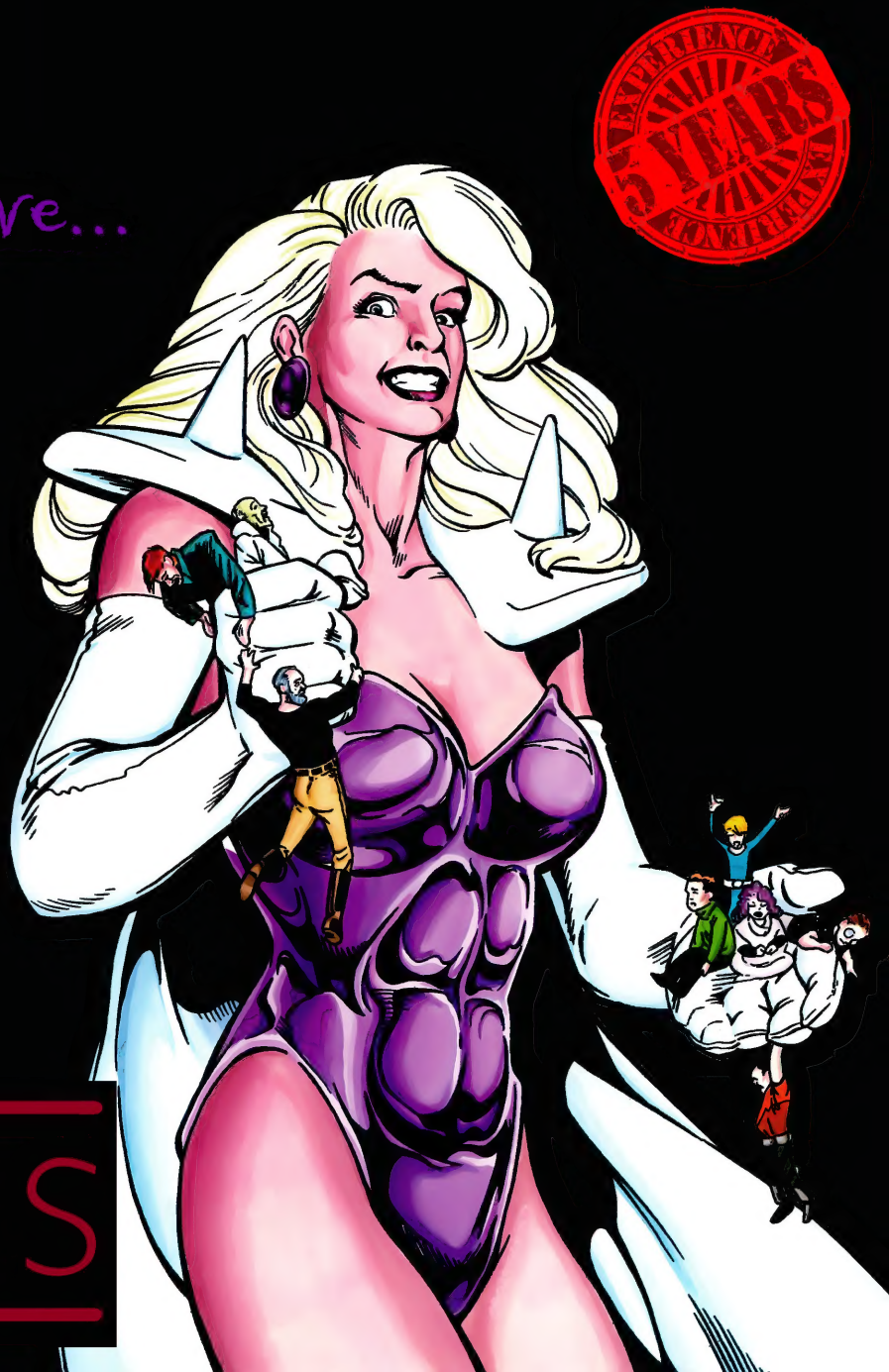
LISTEN, WITH ANY *LUCK* WE'LL NEVER HAVE TO FIND *OUT* HOW TOUGH THEY ARE. THIS IS AN *UNDERCOVER* MISSION, REMEMBER?

HEY!

I KNOW YOU--YOU'RE *PETE CANNON!*

TO BE CONTINUED!

From Baaldur, with love...



GLORITH

novus